

Christy Moore

"Tim Evans"

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Tim Evans was a prisoner down in his prison cell
And those who read about his crime condemned his
soul
To hell

Go down you murderers go down

For the killing of his own dear wife and murder of his
Child
The jury found him guilty and the hanging judge he
Smiled

Tim Evans walked around the yard and the screws they
Walked behind
He saw the sky above the wall but he knew no peace of
Mind

The screws they came to his cell and they hammered
on
His door
Get up you dirty murderer the screws at him did roar

The governor came to his cell with the chaplain by his
Side
Saying your appeal has been turned down prepare
Yourself to die

They took Tim Evans to the place where the hangman
did
Prepare
They tied the rope around his neck with the knot behind
His ear

A thousand lags were screaming and banging on their
Doors
Tim Evans didn't hear them he was dead forever more

They sent Tim Evans to the drop for a crime he did not
Do
Dr. Christie was the murderer, the judge and jury too.

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